

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## News o' the North

### ON WITH THE DANCE.

KNOWN throughout the North-East as "Britain's Shirley Temple," 12-year-old Noreen Barker is leader of her own dance band. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Barker, of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, and two years ago was thrown from a horse, receiving severe injuries. After 19 weeks encased in plaster from waist to ankles, and



NOREEN BARKER

operation after operation had been performed, they thought Noreen's dancing days were over. But Noreen knew better, making a remarkable recovery through her great pluck. Already she has given public performances for the Red Cross, leading her band of youngsters. Grand work, Noreen!!

FOUR years ago a hairdresser in Wallsend-on-Tyne wrote a postcard to Mrs. G. Whitfield, of Elswick Road, Newcastle, which is but a few miles away, confirming an appointment for March 9th, 1939. It arrived but a few days ago. Let's hope Mrs. Whitfield managed to get her hair done before now. Apart from the official date-stamp imprinted on the old penny stamp, the sender clearly marked the date on the other side. The time it took was hair-raising itself.

### VERY TASTY—VERY SWEET.

A BASKET of twelve strawberries grown by Mr. G. Bell, an amateur gardener of Broomhill, Northumberland, realised £6 10s. for the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund recently. Indeed, they were very tasty... and very sweet.

### AT 94 HE QUEUED FOR BIRTHDAY CAKE.

STANDING in a queue to buy a birthday cake to celebrate his 94th birthday with a family party gave Mr. John Newton, of Rectory Cottages, Ryton,

Northumberland, a taste of war-time shopping. Born in Ryton, he can recall all the well-known people who have lived in the place for the past ninety years. His last work was that of vergar and bellringer at Ryton Parish Church.

NEARLY £100,000 has been collected by the Durham Miners' Association for various war charities. Over forty thousand pounds has gone to the Red Cross, and more than £6,000 has been donated to Russia. This is an excellent record for a community that knew so much suffering and poverty before the war.

### A REAL FOX FUR.

IT'S nothing unusual to see a woman wearing a fox fur, but to "wear" one that's alive takes some beating. Miss E. Boon, of Station Road, Wallsend-on-Tyne, has tamed a cub—captured near Otterburn, Northumberland—to sit on her shoulder when in the streets. Reynard is now over a year old, and he certainly makes a large-sized collar. So tame has he become that he takes sweets from the lips of fair admirers, without causing any anxiety. Sly old fox... he knows something!

### A LONG DRINK.

IN the bar of the Boot and Shoe Hotel, Darlington, hangs a glass to hold two pints of beer, and it's a yard long. To have it filled would cost 2s. 8d., but as glasses are valuable these days it isn't used very much. Just recently an officer wagered another that he could drain the glass at one attempt. His effort failed when he had some inches to go. It just shows that three feet of beer can make two other feet very shaky.

### HEARD THIS ONE?

THE COMPLETE CATCH. THE very tired angler, walking to his home, met his friend in the street, who inquired, "Did you catch anything, George?" In tones of great despair he replied, "Aye! I caught the 9.15 there and the 6.30 back. I was caught in a storm, and I shall certainly catch it when I get home for not having caught something."

## WISDOM

### From the Past

The learning and knowledge that we have is at most but little compared with that of which we are ignorant.

Plato.

Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power.

Horace Mann.

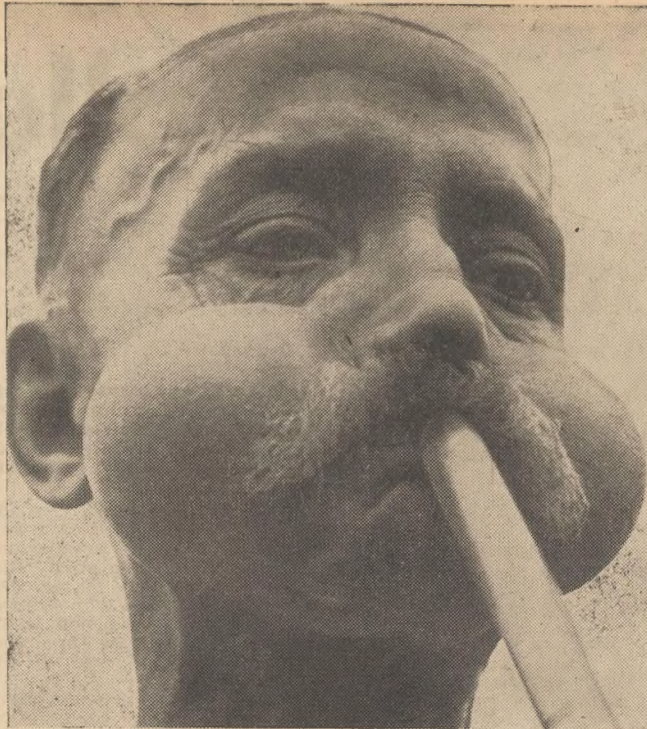
Wisdom deprives even poverty of half its power.

H. W. Shaw.

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall rail Against her beauty? Ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved.

Thucydides.

## He blows glass—



he blows brass!

—AND BUT FOR COLOSSAL CHEEK THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE

# YOU'VE GOT THE DATE ALL WRONG

## A TWO-SECOND THRILLER

ME. "You know, my girl Sue is one of the best. Has a dinky flat, and cooks like as though her mother's maiden name was Beeton. There's always a smashing meal ready for me... or at any rate there's always one provided, every time I go round."

"And, you know, she's terribly clean, sort of. Every darn time I go round she's just dressing after a bath... makes me feel embarrassed like."

SUE. "Gosh... every time Albert comes round he eats me out of house and home... doesn't seem to think of anything else. Looks to me as though his food must turn to ice-water."

"Still, I'll try it again. He should be here any minute now. Where's my seductive set—the black silk ones?"

"Reckon this should do the trick... he won't be a second now, surely!"

(Puts on dressing-gown and splashes drops of water over hair for realism.)

"Gosh, is he never coming? Half an hour late already, and me going right ahead for pneumonia. Still, even that would be worth it if I could rouse a spot of enthusiasm."

"Hell! If that fool doesn't get a move on I'm through... Does he think I'm the Statue of Liberty, or what?"

(Ten more minutes.)

"What sort of an idiot am I to wait around for that gink?... This is beyond a joke. I've used more than five inches of bath-water in keeping my hair moist... let alone creased this dressing-gown fit to look as though I'd kept a midnight watch in the darned thing."

(Another ten minutes.)

"Blast you, Albert... I'm through... One of us is nuts, and I'm not so sure it's you, either... I must be losing my grip."

Knock... knock. (Dashes to bathroom, moistens hair, splashes minute drop of perfume behind ears, "carelessly" ties knot of dressing-gown.)

"Hello, Albert darling... Forgive me for looking like this... I just had to have another bath, and I never thought you'd be here so soon."

ME! (Albert).

"Awfully sorry, my sweet. Actually, I'm only just a minute late... Go ahead and dress... I'll just read the papers."

### ★ FRANCIS CORBETT ★

puts forward a startling proposition, that this year is not 1943 at all, but 1948. It seems likely we'll have to re-date the whole of History.

IT was after a long study of chronology that I came to the terrible conclusion—and I am not alone—that we are in the wrong year, and that there has been far too much tinkering with Time.

Darn it, the moment we mention Time we are in the soup, so to speak. Anyway, my conviction is that this is not the year 1943, but the year 1948. Let me explain.

### Does time exist?

Just think what would become of Time if nothing ever happened! It just wouldn't be there. We cannot measure Time by itself; but we can measure it, and we actually do, by events, by happenings.

The next thing to remember is that if we would understand events, or happenings, they have to be put into chronological order. You need at least two events before you can begin chronology. You must have a fixed point whereby all preceding, and successive, events may be referred; and some fixed measure whereby all intervals between the fixed point and other events may be estimated.

So there we are at what we may call an epoch, or era. Now, an epoch must be arbitrary, absolute. The question of years arose. How could we fix years? And there we began to go to fragments and arguments.

The ancient Egyptians had a pure solar year of 365 days. The Mohammedans had a year of thirteen lunar months. The civil year of the Greeks and the Jews was regulated partly by the sun and partly by the moon. Ah, that sun and that moon! It is on account of the nature of both that chronological reckoning depends, and it is on account of them that so much confusion prevails.

### Fixing the era

The era had to be fixed, and those that had been worked out had to be accepted, more or less. The era of ancient Greece began with the year of the first Olympiad, which corresponded with the year 776 B.C. The Roman era was reckoned with the founding of Rome about 753 B.C. The Mohammedan era begins with the flight of Mohammed from Mecca in 662 A.D., which is called the Hegira. The Christian era begins with the

Nativity of Christ; but this was first proposed in the year 527 A.D.

All right, now we have fixed eras. Next came trouble about calendars. The Jews made a comparatively simple job of that. They just date their calendar from the creation of the world, and they said, with conviction, that Creation took place 3,760 years and three months before the Christian era. So 1943 for the Jews is 1943 plus 3,760, which means that to Jews this is the year 5703.

### One Year plus five days

That may appear simple enough, but it was not satisfactory to many authorities. In working out the various calendars it was found that while the Egyptians fixed 365 days as the length of a year, made up of twelve months of thirty days each, they had to add five days to balance things.

It was good old Julius Caesar who ordered a proper revision. He found that there were ninety days that had got lost somewhere. So he obliged by making the year 46 B.C. a year of 455 days. His experts worked it out with him that the period of the earth's revolution round the sun was 365½ days. To take tab of that quarter-day Julius invented Leap Year. He also started the year on January 1st. Before that the year had started from the vernal equinox, the time when day and night are equal in Spring.

All this was what is known as the Julian Calendar; but it wasn't enough. The solar year is about eleven minutes, ten seconds less than 365½ days, so the calculation of adding a day every four years was over-correction.

### A Pope's Correction

Along came Pope Gregory in 1582. He took several days off the calendar. Without going into details, it was shown that

even Pope Gregory was not precisely accurate, and although many countries adopted it, Britain did not accept it until 1752.

By that time the difference between the two calendars had amounted to about eleven days. Nothing like a magnificent gesture. Britain wiped the eleven days out!

Before that drastic action it was common to date events like this: February 1507/8, meaning the year 1507 old style and the year 1508 new style. It is all very confusing. Even now the Greek Church holds its Christmas on January 6th—with no more ground than we do on December 25th.

### A Monk's miscalculation

Where does all the fault lie? Why, it all began with a miscalculation of Dionysius, who kept a school, and did lots of calculations. He was a monk, and he was responsible for fixing the eras. When he made the division between the years B.C. and the years A.D. he miscalculated by four years, and gave them to B.C., when they should have come to A.D.

Most experts in chronology now admit the error. And that is why this should be the year 1948 instead of 1943. What do you feel about that, anyway?

## EPILOGUE



Blimey, Tubby—  
how much is four  
years back pay!



Periscope  
PageWANGLING  
WORDS—20

1. A word of nine letters—take away six and leave one. What is it?
2. Which of the following words are mis-spelt: MICSELANIOUS, CONTRARIWISE, CATAPULT, BUCHOLIC, UNGUENT?
3. Can you change FIST into NOSE, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word at each alteration? Change in the same way: HATE into LOVE, NOTE into COMB, SAVE into KEEP.
4. How many words of four letters can you make from the word UMBRELLA?

Answers to Wangling  
Words—No. 19

1. UNDERGROUND.
2. PAREGORIC.
3. FOOT, FORT, FORK, CORK, COCK, SOCK, SILK, SILL, PILL, POLL, POOL, WOOL, COOL, TOOL, TOLL, TALL, TALE, PALE, PAGE, RAGE, NEED, SEED, SHED, SHOD, SHOP, SLOP, SLAP.
4. Chat, Tent, Cant, Cent, Meat, Team, Mate, Tame, Each, Mace, Than, Then, Neat, etc.

ODD  
CORNER

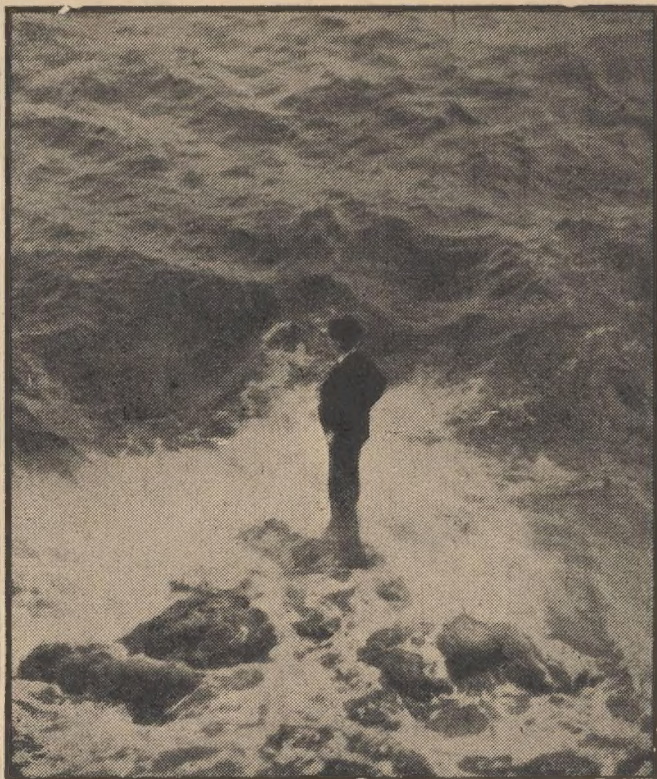
WHEN tea was first introduced into this country, a lady in Penrith received a pound without any instructions. She put the whole lot into a kettle, boiled it, poured away the liquor, and then sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt. "They wondered how anybody could like such a dish," wrote Southey in his *Commonplace Book*.

The Tibetans boil their tea for many hours, and the pot is sometimes left over the fire for four or five days before the tea is drunk. By this time it is a dense black essence, and a little of this is put into a cup and fresh hot water added. Instead of sugar, a knob of soda is added, and instead of milk a little rancid yak butter. Just how rancid the yak butter may be can be judged from the fact that the butter-pits supplying the Dalai Lama contain butter fifty years old and upwards.

Victor Hugo started the fashion of fortifying his tea with a drop of rum, while Lord Lytton always dashed his tea into half a tumbler of cold water and tossed it off with a gulp. Dr. Johnson confessed himself "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the night, and with tea welcomes the morning."

Jonas Hanway, however, the inventor of the umbrella, did not agree. He wrote an essay about 1750 on "tea-drinking and its pernicious consequences." He pronounced tea as the ruin of the nation and of everyone who drank it. But you can't keep a good drink down.

## CURIOUS ACCIDENTS



## THRILLING RESCUE AT TORQUAY.

Climbing the cliffs at Corbyn's Head, Torquay, a 15-year-old boy, Frank Mosely, suddenly slipped and fell thirty feet on to the rocks below and into a channel of water. He managed to clamber on to a rock and shouted for help. Miss Doreen Coombe, a well-known Torquay swimmer, was on the beach and swam to the exhausted boy, while a youth also swam out with a lifebelt. Then all three were towed ashore by a rowing boat. Photo shows the boy on the partially submerged rock, showing his perilous position. He is watching the unsuccessful efforts of a boat to reach him. It was not until the boat failed that the swimmers went out.

## NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by JULES VERNE

I FELT my way along the dark waist of the *Nautilus*, stopping at every step to suppress the beatings of my heart.

I reached the corner door of the saloon and opened it softly. The saloon was quite dark. The tones of the organ were feebly sounding. Captain Nemo was there. He did not see me. I think that in a full light he would not have perceived me, he was so absorbed.

I dragged myself over the carpet, avoiding the least contact, lest the noise should betray my presence. It took me five minutes to reach the door into the library.

I was going to open it when a sigh from Captain Nemo nailed me to the place. I understood that he had got up. I even saw him, for some rays from the lighted library reached the saloon. He came towards me with folded arms, silent, gliding rather than walking, like a ghost. His oppressed chest heaved with sobs, and I heard him murmur these words—the last I heard:—

"Almighty God! Enough! Enough!"

Was it remorse that was escaping thus from the conscience of that man?

Desperate, I rushed into the library, went up the central staircase, and, following the upper waist, reached the boat through the opening that had already given passage to my two companions.

"Let us go! Let us go!" I cried.

"At once," answered the Canadian.



The orifice in the plates of the *Nautilus* was first shut and bolted by means of a wrench that Ned Land had provided himself with. The opening in the boat was also closed, and the Canadian began to take out the screws that still fastened us to the submarine vessel.

Suddenly a noise was heard in the interior. Voices answered one another quickly. What was the matter? Had they discovered our flight? I felt Ned Land glide a dagger into my hand.

"Yes!" I murmured, "we shall know how to die!"

The Canadian had stopped in his

In seeking wisdom thou art wise; in imagining that thou hast attained it, thou art a fool.

Rabbi Ben Azai.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could say how much.

Shakespeare

work. But one word, twenty times repeated, a terrible word, revealed to me the cause of the agitation on board the *Nautilus*. It was not we the crew were anxious about.

"The Maelstrom! the Maelstrom!" they were crying.

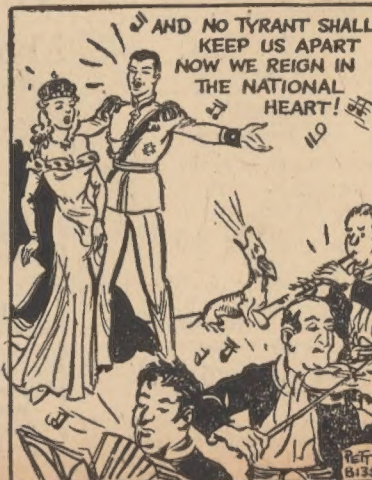
The Maelstrom! Could a more

frightful word in a more frightful situation have sounded in our ears? Were we then on the most dangerous part of the Norwegian shore? Was the *Nautilus* being dragged into a gulf at the very moment our boat was preparing to leave its side?

It is well known that at the tide

the pent-up waters between the Feroë and Loffoden Islands rush out with irresistible violence. They form a whirlpool from which no ship could ever escape. From every point of the horizon rush monstrous waves. They form the gulf justly called "Navel of the Ocean," of which the power of attraction extends for a distance of ten miles. There, not only vessels but whales

## JANE

The Schweitzer  
Collection

By NIGEL MORLAND

3-MINUTE  
THRILLER

EVERYBODY in London knew Carl Schweitzer, who was as famous for his eccentricities as for his notable collection of gold coins. In his ancient house in Park Lane there was a room fitted up like a gallery in a museum.

It was not surprising that most crooks, national and international, had tried in vain to rob him at one time or another. Tragedy came out of it one night.

A burglar had broken in, and Mrs. Pym went along to investigate as soon as the alarmed collector had telephoned Vine Street for a police officer. Ordinarily, she would not have bothered; she happened to be at Vine Street at the time, and, in any case, wanted to see the famous coins.

She was shown into Schweitzer's house by an aged butler. He led the way along a passage to the museum, where the owner was waiting.

"It is all very terrible," the latter began. "I was working on my coins when the door burst open and a masked man with a gun appeared. He threatened me. I always keep a revolver handy—I have a licence for it—and when I saw the chance I fired to protect myself and my property. Unhappily, my aim was only too good."

He led the way into the room with its many glass-topped cases. On the floor lay an elderly man; nearby was an ordinary mask cut from a piece

of black material, perforated by a bullet-hole.

"Worst of all," Schweitzer continued dramatically, "is my discovery, when I ripped away the mask, that the dead man is known to me. He is Richard Tebbutt, a collector acquaintance. For years he has been trying to buy an ancient English angel-noble coin from me. I have always refused to sell. I suppose the collecting mania overcame him, and he decided to use force."

Schweitzer produced the coveted piece, pointing out its inverted king's head, which made it unique from a collector's point of view.

Mrs. Pym nodded, and dropped on her knees beside the dead man. He had been killed instantly; the bullet-hole cut neatly through the edge of Tebbutt's hair, though it had bled little.

"How did he get in?" she asked.

"I'll show you." The collector led the way from the room to a side window that overlooked a quiet mews. A piece of brown paper covered the glass, which enabled it to be broken soundlessly, thus preventing any pieces from falling to the floor.

An inspector and two constables had come along with Mrs. Pym and were waiting in the hall with her. After she had told the inspector about the circumstances, and arranged for

a photographer to be sent along for record purposes, she went back into the museum with Schweitzer and closed the door behind her.

(Solution on Page 3)

QUIZ  
for today

1. Who made the first working model of a steam turbine, and when?
2. What is a "St. Hilda's Serpent"?
3. What is (a) an eft, (b) an emmet?
4. Who was "Tom Thumb," and what was his height?
5. The following sea terms are all of foreign origin. What language do they come from: Skipper, Yacht, Taffrail, Hooker, Sloop?
6. What ship, as large as the "Mauretania," had five funnels, seven masts, paddle-wheels, propellers and sails?
7. Are the Fiji Islands east or west of longitude 180?
8. What is the "Wallace Line"?
9. Who ran naked through the streets shouting "Eureka!" after he had discovered a test for gold while having a bath?

Answers to Yesterday's  
Quiz

1. An American reindeer.
3. A disastrous financial speculation in 1720.
2. Sir Humphrey Davy.
4. Sir Oliver Lodge.
5. (a) Hero of the stories by Cutcliffe Hyne. (b) Character in "Dombey and Son."
6. Herkomer.
7. 1840.
8. A moss used in surgery.
9. Inventing macadamised roads.
10. (a) David Copperfield. (b) Old Curiosity Shop. (c) Pickwick Papers. (d) Oliver Twist.
11. Elver.
12. Antony in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

Solution to Puzzles  
in No. 56

"32" Puzzle: Top row, 0, 14, 13, 3; second row, 11, 5, 6, 8; third row, 7, 9, 10, 4; fourth row, 12, 2, 1, 15.

Fish Problem: Thirteen got away.

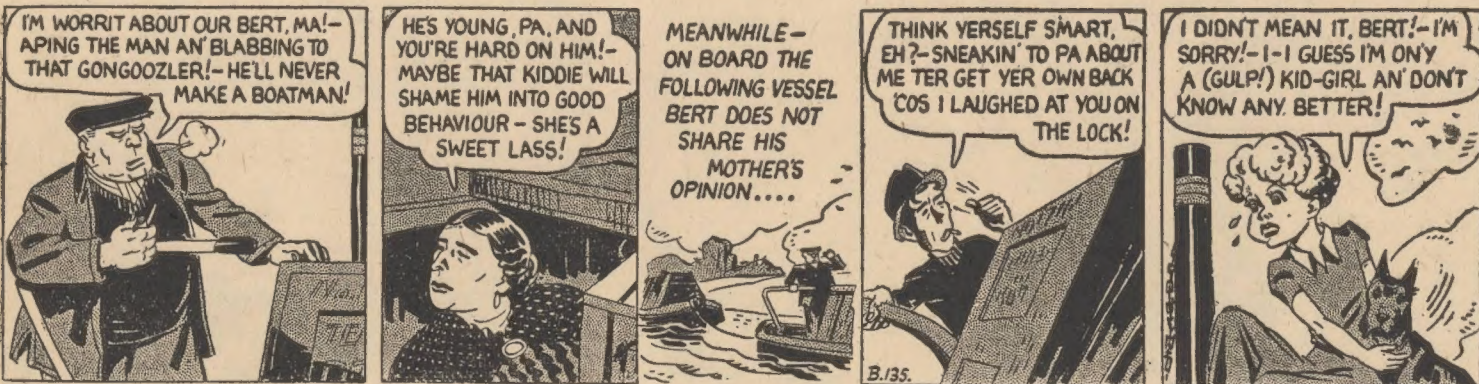
Where Was She?: Four hundred feet.



Beelzebub Jones



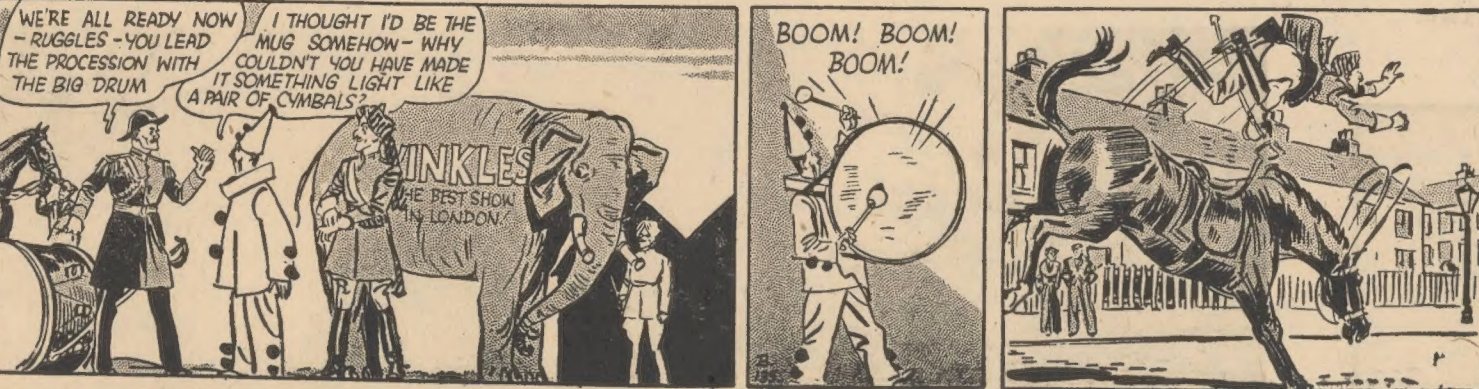
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

cracked. Sometimes it stood upright, and we with it!

"We must hold on and screw down the bolts again," said Ned Land. "We may still be saved by keeping to the Nautilus—"

He had not finished speaking when a crash took place. The screws were torn out, and the boat, torn from its groove, sprang like a stone from a sling into the midst of the whirlpool.

My head struck on its iron framework, and with the violent shock I lost all consciousness.

But when I came to myself I was lying in the hut of a fisherman of the Loffoden Isles. My two companions, safe and sound, were by my side pressing my hands. We shook hands heartily.

It is here, therefore, amidst the honest folk who have taken us in, that I revise the account of these adventures. It is exact. Not a fact has been omitted, not a detail exaggerated. It is a faithful narrative of an incredible expedition in an element inaccessible to man, and to which progress will one day open up a road.

Shall I be believed? I do not know. After all, it matters little. All I can now affirm is my right to speak of the seas under which, in less than ten months, I journeyed twenty thousand leagues during that submarine tour of the world that has revealed so many marvels of the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, Red Sea, Mediterranean, Atlantic, and the austral and boreal seas!

But what has become of the Nautilus? Has it resisted the pressure of the Maelstrom? Is Captain Nemo still alive? Is he still pursuing his frightful retaliations under the ocean, or did he stop before that last hecatomb? Will the waves one day bring the manuscript that contains the whole history of his life? Shall I know at last the name of the man? Will the ship that has disappeared tell us by its nationality the nationality of Captain Nemo?

I hope so. I also hope that his powerful machine has conquered the sea in its most terrible gulf, and that the Nautilus has survived where so many other ships have perished! If it is so, if Captain Nemo still inhabits the ocean, his adopted country, may hatred be appeased in his savage heart! May the contemplation of so many marvels extinguish in him the desire of vengeance! May the judge disappear, and the savant continue his peaceful exploration of the sea! If his destiny is strange, it is sublime also. Have I not experienced it myself? Have I not lived ten months of this unnatural life? Two men only have a right to answer the question asked in the Ecclesiastes six thousand years ago, "That which is far off and exceeding deep, who can find it out?" These two men are Captain Nemo and I.

Solution to 3 minute Thriller

Thirty minutes later Mrs. Pym came out and called the constables. She handed Schweitzer over to them, formally charging him with murder.

The awed inspector, who had never seen her at work, was told the story.

"Schweitzer's a conscienceless, avaricious collector. He's been trying for years to buy Tebbutt's angel-noble; murder was decided on. Schweitzer asked Tebbutt to bring his coin round to-night so that he might look at it again—no proud collector could resist the temptation to gloat.

"The moment he entered, Schweitzer shot him, placing by

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1 Start. 6 Vehicle. 9 Kind of race. 10 Shade of pink. 12 Salt water. 13 Common animal. 14 Carmine. 15 Revolve. 16 Medicinal quantities. 18 Tree. 19 Glandular organ. 21 Go back. 24 Bolting. 27 Laugh to scorn. 29 Fish. 30 Forest clearing. 31 Nightingales. 33 Young eel. 34 Picture support. 35 Ocean. 36 Salad plant.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Sphere. 2 Containing iron. 3 Insects. 4 Scented wood. 5 Observe. 6 Diving bird. 7 Dress. 8 Tack. 10 Elect. 11 Lost ground. 15 Stage show. 16 Sprinkle. 17 Supporting beam. 20 Of a nation. 22 Carrillon. 24 Courageous. 25 Not so good. 26 Reptile. 28 Notion. 31 Insect. 32 Artful.

ASPIRES TAB HONE OPERA BARK MOONED ACT WANTON SKATER TRAP E BODICES R LILY NOD DO ERE DEW NOW SO CURATIVE SNEAK RILES SHREDDED S



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

**SPLASH!**



And a pretty pair of legs makes an equally pretty pattern of light and shade in the waters of the pool, as she dives at dawn.

*Ahead together!*



"But you go first, Fido, and give me a cat's chance. You always said you were a bit of a dog. Now's your chance to prove it wasn't puppy love."



**WEB!**

Not quite. It's the inside of a barrage balloon during inspection. But it certainly looks like a spider's best effort.



*This England*

This corner of a Kentish farm, near Ashford, with its pond and livestock, is surely typical of the land as we love it.

**SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF**

"Watch these ducks crash-dive?"

